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instant. Homer uses but one epithet, "divine," to describe the beauty of Helen. But he impresses us with an idea of her beauty by other means, which, it is shown, are within the poet's peculiar province. He makes the elders express no surprise on beholding her, that she had kept the world so long in arms; but Zeuxis, in illustrating the passage, painted her simply unrobed and alone.

Deformity may be introduced into poetry, but not into painting; in the former it is modified by the successive detail of its parts; in the latter it stands forth in all its hideousness, and the spectator is disgusted.

After the section illustrating this, the work concludes with some others upon the probable author of the statue of Laocoon, and a critique of Winckelmann. We have endeavored to give as complete an idea of its character as was possible in a brief article. Of course the analysis is extremely meagre. From the peculiar fulness of the few paragraphs quoted, it may be readily imagined how meagre. We shall hope, however, that we may have done some service in calling the attention of artists and lovers of Art-literature to a work so abounding in subtle and philosophical criticism. G. W. P.

PARISIAN HINTS FOR ARTISTS.

THE vast concentration at Paris of every kind of artistic material—the habits of the French people themselves—the resources for economical living—the entire independence and absence of restraint on the part of every well-behaved foreigner—render that city one of the most delectable places for an Artist in the world. The student may there follow the life he prefers, whether in the extremes of reckless freedom at the Bal Masqué or Jardin Mabille, or at the Lectures of the Academy of Sciences, the quiet of the Louvre, or in deep research amidst the labyrinths of strange lore in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

If Rome has the solemn grandeur of antiquity to hallow and sanctify it, Paris is the laboratory of modern Science, as well as the pioneer in modern civilization. If, in the former, the student finds amid the monuments and vast galleries of Greek, Christian, or Papal Art,—amid the ruins and sloth of that decaying city, works whose effect is to transport him as in a dream backward through ages to Etruria and Greece,—in the latter he identifies himself with the latest impulses of humanity, and feels, while the Past is rendered sacred by her treasured relics, that the Future may become, through the vital power of the Present, even more beautiful and more true. If, in Rome, the gray quiet of the Past leaves him undisturbed to pursue his studies, so, in Paris, he may shut himself in his atelier, where the din of insurrection or revolution may not come, and, in the calm of settled purpose, prepare for the mission he believes himself called to fill.

As there is every species and variety of Art in Paris, from miserable one *centime* lithographs up to the elaborate engravings after the works of De la Roche, Ingres, and Scheffer, so there are as many ways and means of pursuing studies in the different departments. We shall, however, confine ourselves to such information as may prove useful to Artists going from this country to Paris.

The Louvre, with its immense galleries of

paintings and statuary, contains one of the finest collections in the world. Beginning with the works of Mantegna and Perugino, and terminating with the Carracci, the Italian masters are very well represented. Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Corregio, Da Vinci, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Domenichino, Guido Reni, are all recalled to mind by their works, and, in some instances, by splendid specimens. There are, also, some of the largest and finest works by Rubens and Rembrandt.

Of the early French school, the works of Le Brun, Le Sueur, and Nicholas Poussin are collected in great numbers. In the eastern wing are the works of David, Gericault, Girodet, Gros, Geurin, Watteau, Boucher, Greuze, and Martin Drolling. Following the suite of rooms containing these works, on the north side, there is a Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Passing the apartments of Henry II., we come at once to the Spanish pictures, by Murillo, Spagnoletto, Velasquez, &c. Then follow several large rooms, filled with drawings in crayons, pastels, pen and pencil, by nearly all the masters, ancient and modern.

On the ground floor of this immense edifice are the Statue Galleries. These contain the famous Venus di Milo, the Fighting Gladiator, and the Diana. In the collection of casts, which is one of the best in the world, are the Elgin Marbles and the Barbarini Faun.

The offices of the Director of the Fine Arts and his functionaries are in the court-yard, near the grand entrance. In order to gain admission, it is only necessary to present your passport, stating that you are an American Artist, and wish permission to study in the Galleries, whereupon, without question, a permit is given you, good for three months, at the end of which time it must be renewed by the same process. You have only to carry with you canvas, colors, palette and brushes, the Government providing easels, chairs, and what other things may be necessary for your operations. It is customary to give the overseer of the section or room in which you work a few francs when you begin or finish. The doors open at eight, A. M., and close at four, P. M. The whole is closed to students on Sundays and Mondays.

Ateliers are to be found principally in the quarter of the Luxembourg, Faubourg du Roule, Le Quartier de Tivoli, Rue Pigal, near the Barrière, Quai Voltaire, &c. Generally, they have a room, or suite of rooms, attached, where the Artist lives *en garçon* or *en famille*, according as he may be single or a man of family. The rents for ateliers range from \$60 to \$200 a year, depending upon their situations and conveniences. The *conciërge*, or person who attends to your atelier and rooms, expects from \$1 to \$3 per month. You have your breakfast served in your rooms, or take it at a café, and dine at a restaurant. For knowledge of these places, you must depend upon some one living in Paris, as they change from time to time, or new ones are established, better than the old. It is well to be located, if possible, between the Louvre and the Luxembourg, that both may be convenient; the former contains the works of deceased Artists—the latter, those of the living.

There are always a number of ateliers or schools in Paris. But, generally, there are one or two more popular than the others; indeed,

this runs sometimes into a mania—so much so, that for months you hear nothing from *les rapins des ateliers* but the most unqualified boasting of the merits and power of the popular Artist over all others. Some fifteen years ago, the great atelier in Paris was that of Baron Gros. When he died, Paul De la Roche became the leader, and had, at one time, two hundred pupils. Then Coignet exhibited a finely colored picture, the subject, *Tintoretto painting a Likeness of his Daughter from the Corpse*, and immediately all the young men of Paris rushed to him for instruction in color. A few years later, M. Couture exhibited his grand picture, *Les Romains de la Décadence*, which was bought by the French Government. It was so original in subject, method of composition, and particularly in style of coloring, that he was acknowledged at once a master, and in a short time had his atelier filled with pupils. He is an excellent instructor. He has the natural gift of imparting, with facility, through happy and forcible illustrations, drawn always from his observations of nature, everything the student requires to direct him to the most proper and efficient study of natural objects. He has a contempt for *processes*, and teaches always the necessity of painting, *at once, au premier coup*. M. Couture prefers his pupils to have mastered the rudiments of drawing before they enter his atelier, as it leaves him to teach them solely *how to paint*. No Artist insists upon the necessity of fine drawing more strenuously than he, and he constantly refers his pupils to the study of the grandest antique statues, he himself having studied for years severely the Elgin Marbles.

The present most popular atelier among the French for drawing is kept by M. Picot, a servile teacher of all the academic rules of drawing. There are also others, one kept by M. Suisse, which is republican in its government, everybody pursuing his own method or style, or not, as he pleases. M. Suisse was formerly a *great model* in Paris, and, becoming too old to serve longer in that line, he fitted up a room with conveniences for drawing, and now maintains himself in this way. The entrance fee is about five dollars a month. M. Picot's instructions are somewhat more expensive. The atelier of M. Couture is maintained on the principle of communism—that is, all the apparatus for painting or studying—such as easels, chairs, drawing-boards, stools—are common stock, and belong to the pupils. The entrance fee here is thirty francs, or six dollars for the first and twenty francs for each succeeding month—the extra ten francs of the first entitling you to the use and ownership of all the apparatus in the atelier; the twenty francs per month pay model hire and atelier rent. With all this, M. Couture has nothing to do. He comes once a day, ordinarily about ten o'clock, to the atelier, and criticises each student's work, at the same time advising him clearly and judiciously how to see nature *truly*, and how to improve his faults.

The time occupied in these ateliers is always with reference to the hours at which the Louvre opens and closes. M. Suisse's is a night school; so that persons who draw there have the whole day for work in the Galleries of the Louvre. In the day schools, the models are *posed* at seven, A. M., and finished at twelve, noon. The student then repairs to the Louvre, and continues his labor in studying the works of the Old

Masters, or he goes to his own studio and works upon some original design or picture, always keeping apart one or more days in each week to visit the Galleries.

The principal places for colors in Paris are Déforge, Boulevard Montmartre, *au spectre solaire*, Quai de l'Ecole, No. 18, and at M. Edouard, No. 6, Rue Neuve Bréda, where the best prepared colors may always be found. Brushes may be had at any of these shops; but the best of that article are only to be procured at Madame Fillion's, No. 3 Place de l'Ecole, and at M. Colteaux, Rue Faubourg St. Germain, No. 42. For lay-figures, there is but one safe place in Paris, and that is at M. Faure's, No. 5 Rue Neuve Coquenard. For every variety of Artist's materials—to have boxes made, pictures packed, forwarded, &c.,—a good place is at M. Colin's, No. 3 Place du Louvre. It is central, and M. Colin is both honest and accommodating.

About the Louvre in every direction are print shops; and an hour or more may be passed sometimes with great profit in turning over the portfolios at their doors. Rare and valuable engravings are not unfrequently found in these places, and there is always something to be learned in examining a collection of prints.

The Louvre closes at four, P. M.: this leaves from one to three hours, which may be well employed in passing through those streets where are constantly exposed engravings of the most magnificent works of Art. After the Place du Louvre, in the Rue Coq St. Honoré, there are several shops; in the Rue Vivienne, also in the Passage des Panaramas, will always be found rare and beautiful works. On both sides of the Boulevard, from the Porte St. Martin to the Église Ste. Madeleine, one will always be surprised with something new. In the Rue de la Paix, or crossing the Seine, in the Rue du Bac, along the Quai Voltaire, in the Rue de Seine, are always choice works in the way of prints or pictures, open for examination and for sale.

One of the best costuming establishments in Paris is in the Rue des Beaux Arts, near the Academy. Here can be hired anything in the way of armor, dresses, implements of war, &c. There is another shop of this kind in the Place de la Bourse.

The environs of Paris are beautiful. Versailles, with its massive palace, filled with French Art, famous for Horace Vernet's pictures, its theatre, its elegant gardens, with their hundred fountains; also St. Cloud and St. Denis, St. Germaine, Vincennes, the Islands at St. Owen and Bujeval, all have features of interest to the Artist-student. But if he paint landscape, and would steal away for a time from the noise, confusion, and dust of the great city, to enjoy the never-ending variety of the woods and fields, let him go to the little village of Barbizon, and wander each day into the forest of Fontainebleau. In its centre is a chateau with some fine pictures, and suite after suite of the most richly decorated apartments. These are all curious, and fraught with interesting historical associations; but it is in the forest that the Artist will be most delighted. It is traversed in every direction by narrow roads, now passing straight over table lands studded with tall, graceful trees of every character, with no underwood, but the earth covered with green and tender moss. In a few minutes you are under the open sky, and before you lies a glen border-

ed on each side by huge rocks, as barren and gray with age as if they were the remains of some Titanic Temple dashed into chaos by the gods. A mile beyond, at the end of this vale, with its branches stretched against the sky, may be seen some desolate oak, gnarled and leafless, which, in its

"Palmer year,

Gave home to the bird, and shelter to the deer."

A little farther on, and the green sward spreads itself away amid groups of graceful birch and chesnut, whose shadows fall cool and gray in the masses of yellow sunlight, in which, slowly passing, the cattle gleam white and red—the herdsman sleeps, and you want but the column and sculptured frieze to make the scene Arcadian. We enter the dark grove of chesnuts; and now winding upward, where the banks and precipitous rocks, covered with the wildest vines and verdure, overhang or recede from the road, we come suddenly upon two mighty oak trees, known as Henri Quatre and Sully. Remembering the lives of these men, and pondering over the history of France, suggested by the many anecdotes of them, you are surprised to find yourself in the midst of young and slender trees that have but the growth of a few years, and which terminate in a delicate undergrowth amongst the largest beeches in the world. Their trunks, from twenty to forty feet, are without branches, sometimes spotted with gray or green moss; and where they receive the full glow of the morning or meridian sunlight, surrounded as they are with bright or dull green foliage, they resemble columns of white marble. Here, too, are marshes, and pools reflecting always the sky, clouds, and trees. The undergrowth is tangled and densely luxuriant, and not unfrequently the thin, sleek snake glides before your step, and is safe from pursuit in its impenetrable mazes.

T. H.

TO READERS.—We are happy to announce that the fourth of the series of papers, entitled *The Cities of Art and The Early Artists*, and, relating to Rome, Michael Angelo and Raphael, will be published in the next number of the Bulletin.

SELECTIONS.

PICTURES AND PICTURE DEALING.

[We republish the following article from the 79th number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, (April, 1845.) The book to which it relates is entitled, "*Catalogue des Tableaux composant la Galerie de feu son Eminence le Cardinal Fesch*. Par GEORGE, Commissaire-expert du Musée Royal du Louvre. Première Partie; première et seconde vente; a Rome, 1843, 1844." We shall give the conclusion of this article in a succeeding number:—]

"Fatal as her gift of beauty has been to Italy, it has brought her many compensating benefits. Her bright skies, her balmy climate, her luxuriant vegetation, her fair cities, her gorgeous temples; her ruins ennobled by glorious memories, and entwined in the graceful garlands of prodigal nature; her statues and her paintings, the proud creations of man's genius and imagination;—these have, alas! too often attracted and enriched the spoiler. But have they not also cheered her sons, even in the saddest hours of their sufferings? Did they not preserve to her, through the long night of the dark ages, those dormant sparks which, in better times, diffused the light of civilisation over Europe? Have they not imparted to her children that susceptibility of refined taste, that perception of the beautiful, which assuredly, in a land teeming with beauty, afford unfailing solace? These features in the national character of Italy, cannot fail to strike all observers, for they prevail from the palace to the

cottage, though variously developed. The hierarchy of Rome, the merchant princes of Venice, the successive tyrants of the minor communities, built for themselves palaces, and called in the best sculptors and painters to adorn them. The craftsmen associated themselves to erect churches and found chapels, which they made shrines of art as well as of piety. The peasantry adopted costumes, whose rich hues and happy combinations are still favorite ornaments for a fashionable masque. Even among the humblest classes, the same turn for the picturesque is involuntarily manifested. Observe the tattered lazaroni asleep in the vestibule of a Neapolitan Church, the fishermen of Baja stretched on that secluded beach, the shepherd of the Campagna gazing over the desolate plain; their ragged vestments, their rough sheep-skins, assume an originality of character, their attitudes manifest a pictorial effect, which the inspired artist is glad to copy, hopeless of improving upon them. We have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than in looking over some studies of the late Baron Camuccini, the first Roman painter of our age. They consisted of groups slightly shaded in water colors, designed with a purity and accuracy worthy of the *cinque-cento*. There were warriors in action, cottage groups in repose, inspired Madonnas, joyous children, smiling babes—in short, every variety of figure composition, conceived and executed with almost faultless taste. To our surprise the baron said that each was strictly a transcript of Italian nature. In his walks, he had the habit of hastily jotting down every striking attitude or picturesque combination that met his eye, and every evening he embodied these fugitive ideas, accommodating them to any subject or character they might appear to suit. Alas! that he had not drawn more largely upon those materials in composing his historical works!

"If Italy be the mother of arts, the Italians are their children. In England, conversation is monopolised by politics and the weather; in France it is sustained by the theatres; in Italy it is of the fine arts. Hire an apartment in Rome, and hang your walls with pictures, few of your English visitors will ever be conscious of their existence; but the people employed to arrange or pack them, your servants, the tradesmen who chance to enter, will ever be ready with an observation dictated by the interest they feel in your tastes, and by an intelligence, misdirected it may be, but, at least, awakened. Whilst residing among a people who thus inhale taste as with their native air and surrounded by monuments of genius, it is not difficult to imbibe a sympathy with such feelings. From admiring to acquiring is an easy step, but one which should be taken with discretion. Those who can afford to pay dearly for their experience may yield to a momentary impulse of fancy, and purchase pieces which they will soon part with at any sacrifice. But others with greater prudence, or smaller means, will form, and to a certain point cultivate, their taste ere they begin to gratify it. Even persons who, in England, had some pretensions to connoisseurship will do well to observe the like caution, for in Italy their ears will be confounded by new names and schools previously unheard of, in connexion with works of high merit and unquestionable attractions.

"Why in this age of hand-books have we none for the business of picture-dealing? Its mysteries, if unequal to those in Paris in variety or thrilling emotion, might well fill a volume with curious and instructive gossip. For such a compilation an opportunity has recently occurred, which will, perhaps, never recur, but which, we fear, no pen was at hand to seize. A cardinal prince at Rome, uncle of an emperor and of four kings, devoted the latter half of a very long life to the purchase of pictures, as the grand object of existence, and left behind him the most numerous and valuable collection on record as accumulated by one individual. Had his eminence noted the circumstances under which most of his acquisitions were obtained, little more would have been wanted to illustrate the ways of picture-getting. Were the means adopting, or yet to be adopted, for dispersing what he so indefatigably amassed, to be displayed to the world, the mysteries of picture-dealing would be laid bare.

"Of the Fesch pictures a comparatively small portion formed the cardinal's show gallery, the fame of which depended chiefly upon those of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Specimens in that style, of at least equal beauty, may be found in England, France, and the Netherlands, but no similar collection ever appeared south of the Alps. The Italian rooms, on the other hand, though including many *chefs-d'œuvre*, could not stand the comparison so readily drawn between their treasures and those of other neighboring palaces. The cardinal began to form his museum in France, when the property cast loose by the Revolution, and the spoils of half Europe, were to be gathered with little trouble, and at moderate cost. Having afterwards, in common with the rest of his family, found that country no longer a licensed residence, he naturally sought a home in the metropolis of his church, and on transporting his pictures to Rome, he stipulated